

# SUPPLEMENT

## TO THE

# NONCONFORMIST.

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GRATIS.

### HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

LONDON, July 3, 1872.

Mr. Gladstone complimented Mr. Disraeli the other evening on the forbearance which he had shown all through the Alabama difficulty, and in so doing said nothing more than it was proper for him to say. He has certainly been a model of moderation, and has put to shame the Burys and Bouveries on our own side of the House, who still, as a sort of recondite joke, call themselves Liberals. On Thursday, however, when the historical announcement of the final termination of the controversy was made known to the House, there was a display of party feeling such as I should hardly have thought possible. But I will begin at the beginning. The House was full to overflowing. Partly, this was caused by a desire to know what the Government were going to do with the Lords' amendments to the Ballot Bill, but mainly because it was rumoured that the end of the indirect claims had arrived, and that Mr. Gladstone would make a communication to that effect. When he rose there was profoundest silence, every member appearing to be eagerly and personally interested. For once that eternal door ceased to swing, and the buzz and hum which always pervades the House subsided. There was a confidence and hilarity about Mr. Gladstone's manner which was a prophecy at once that he had no bad news to tell. His anxiety, moreover, to put the House in possession of the pleasant information he had received, made him commendably direct and unambiguous. He commenced, and with every sentence the unconscious absorption of the House in his story increased. Presently he came to the point. The Arbitrators had made, of their own unprompted free will, a declaration that the indirect claims were inadmissible. I looked to see the House break out at this, but not a lip moved, and Mr. Gladstone went on. The English agent was asked whether he had anything to say. He replied, "Nothing." The American agent requested an adjournment, but afterwards informed the Arbitrators that the President accepted their judgment. Immediately there arose from the House a great murmur like that of the sea. There was no passion in it. It was not the shout of victory, but a kind of groan of relief. Would you believe it—the Conservatives were as dumb as stones, and not a single note of applause or satisfaction came from the Conservative benches during the whole of Mr. Gladstone's speech. Further on there was a little dramatic passage in which he avowed his confident belief that the controversy was now finally concluded, which surely ought to have stirred everybody, and the Liberals demonstrated their gratitude most energetically; but still, as before, for all that the Conservatives said or did, Mr. Gladstone might have been imparting to the House the intelligence of a great national disaster. I am bound to say, too, without the least desire to exaggerate, that many Conservative members looked disappointed and even annoyed. The scene struck me most forcibly, and I cannot help saying that it was a disgraceful scene. Admitting everything that has been urged against the Government—admitting that they have bungled uniformly surely every Englishman, without distinction of party, ought to rejoice that we are so happily out of what might have proved a most serious difficulty. But the Tories from first to last have considered these indirect claims as a lever wherewith to oust their opponents from office. It is a sad truth, but a truth about which there can be no doubt after their behaviour in the House on Thursday, that they would have rejoiced over a quarrel with America, provided it brought with it a quarrel of the country with the Government. I have only to add that, knowing how purely personal our strongest impressions sometimes are, and how little they are shared by others, I made it my duty to find out when I

left the House what other people besides myself had thought of what had happened, and I discovered that my verdict on the behaviour of the Tories was that of everybody with whom I talked.

The long-expected motion of Mr. Miall's was actually made last night, but not without an attempt at strangulation on the part of our friends opposite. Your correspondent reached the House at about five minutes to nine. Nobody was there; but in another moment Mr. Hadfield arrived. He is now eighty-five years old, the oldest Dissenter, I believe, in the House, if not the oldest member; and it was characteristic that on a night like this he should be the first to take his place. He was followed by Dr. Brady, Mr. Leatham, Sir Thomas Bazley, Sir John Trelawny, Mr. White, Mr. Gilpin, and others. Mr. Gladstone came in on the stroke of nine, and almost immediately afterwards the Speaker called upon Mr. Miall, who sat at the end of the third bench below the gangway. He had not spoken half-a-dozen words before he suddenly sat down, to the evident surprise of many of the strangers in the gallery who could not imagine what was the matter. Presently, however, it appeared that there was a deliberate plot to quench Mr. Miall in *limine*, and that a member had suggested to the Speaker that the necessary quorum was not in attendance. Before this suggestion was made there were several Conservative members in the House, but they instantly retired when they saw what was going on, and the whole of the Conservative benches were left with absolutely only one occupant. The division bells rang, but no other Conservative members appeared, and Dr. Brady, as a sort of a joke, went across the floor of the House and sat on the front Opposition bench. He did not, however, seem to relish his position, and returned to his old quarters. After the appointed interval the Speaker proceeded to count the House, but the Liberal benches were filling, so that it was palpable, as indeed it had been from the first, that the count could not be successful. After he had passed forty, there was a hearty cheer, and Mr. Miall resumed. I must say that I think it was a shabby trick to try and dispose of him in this way. Nobody can be a greater admirer of counts-out than myself when they are used against bores who take a solitary interest in the subjects which they bring before the House, and who are for ever practising on the House's patience. But Mr. Miall is the acknowledged leader of a great party, a most infrequent speaker, and the motion before the House was one in which the country took the deepest interest. When it was seen that the manœuvre was a failure the House gradually filled up, and at a quarter to ten it may be said to have been comfortably full. Mr. Disraeli came in at about a quarter past nine. There were few if any incidents of Mr. Miall's speech which can be recorded. He was once or twice rather roughly interrupted by gentlemen in an opposite corner, but this of course was to be expected. He also had to offer, in reply to something inaudible to me from the same corner, what was a most unnecessary apology for detaining the House. Beyond this nothing happened. He held the House throughout to a very remarkable degree, and when he finished there was much applause. It is somewhat difficult for me, for obvious reasons, to present in this column the exact impression which the speech made upon me as a listener, but still I cannot help saying a word or two; and I may perhaps be pardoned for so doing, seeing that about a similar speech I have said publicly something of the same kind before, when I had no thought whatever of writing for the *Nonconformist*. The main thing which struck me was its reality. By reality I mean that every word was penetrated by a meaning and by the life of the speaker. The one fault which we have to find with most speechifying in the House, and for that matter in the world, is that the mind of the speaker

inhabits but such a small portion of it. Of course the magnitude of the portion so inhabited depends upon the man and the occasion. Mr. Gladstone is sincere; and yet I have heard him talk by the hour stuff which was not traversed by a single minutest artery of spiritual blood. It was all dry, and detachable from him, like the poor dead branch of the tree now before me, which the heat has withered. The speech which he made last night was exactly a case in point. There was not a syllable in it which was ruddy and vital. It was a poor, miserable piece of official evasion, with no connection with his true self, and for all we know of what he really thinks, he might just as well have held his tongue. On the other hand, in Mr. Miall there was not a sentence or even an attitude which was not genuine. There was not a word which did not bear its own proper weight, and which was not, in the strictest sense of the term, expressive. I do not recollect any speech, excepting those which he has delivered on the same subject before, which have affected me in the same way save the speeches of the late Mr. Cobden. It was to this perfect sincerity that Mr. Cobden owed his ultimate success, and from the same sincerity I believe we may prophesy a similar success, if not for Mr. Miall personally, at least for the cause of Disestablishment. At any rate, of one thing we may be quite sure, that when we see a cause argued on the one side in such a temper as his, and on the other side in such a temper as Mr. Gladstone's, we know on what side victory lies waiting to declare itself. "Tell me," Goethe used to say, "what a dozen of the brightest young men in a country are thinking, and I will tell you what the history of their country will be." So we may say that when there is earnest aggressiveness in the attack, based upon strongest conviction, and nothing but ordinary vulgar conservatism, like that of the Premier's, in the defence, we can see the end, although it may not arrive in our day. I ought to add something about the subsequent course of the debate, but writing at nine o'clock in the morning after sitting up half the night is not easy work, especially in such weather as this; and I trust therefore that I may be excused, more particularly as after all Mr. Miall was of course the event of the evening.

C.

In committee on the Licensing Bill Sir W. Lawson will move a clause that no public-house should be allowed in those parishes in which a majority of the ratepayers were opposed to them.

In reply to Mr. Salt, in the House of Commons on Friday, Mr. W. E. Forster said that it was proposed to extend the powers of the commissioners under the Endowed Schools Act for another year by an Order in Council, and therefore he had no intention to introduce a bill.

BURIALS BILL.—The following is the minority of 78 members who voted against the postponement of this bill to the 3rd of September:—

Adland, Sir T. D.	Clifford, C. C.	Miall, E.
Adam, W. P.	Colman, J. J.	Monk, C. J.
Anderson, G.	Davies, R.	Monseil, Rt. Hon. W.
Armistead, G.	Dixon, G.	Morrison, W.
Ayrton, Rt. Hon. A.	Dodds, J.	Mundella, A. J.
Backhouse, E.	Dowse, Rt. Hon. R.	Pahner, J. H.
Baines, E.	Fawcett, H.	Parry, L. J.
Baker, R. B. W.	Forster, C.	Richard, H.
Barclay, A. C.	Forster, Rt. Hon. W. Rylands, P.	Richardson, E.
Barry, A. H. S.	Gladstone, Hn. W. E.	Saunderson, E.
Bolckow, H. W. F.	Gladstone, W. H.	Shaw, R.
Bonham-Carter, J.	Glyn, Hon. G. G.	Sherriff, A. C.
Bowring, E. A.	Greville, Hon. Capt. Sinclair, Sir J. G.	Sinclair, Sir J. G.
Brand, H. R.	Hanmer, Sir J.	Smith, E.
Brewer, Dr.	Herbert, A. E. W.	Stepney, Sir J.
Bright, Jacob	Hibbert, J. T.	Stevenson, J. C.
Brinckman, Captain	Illingworth, A.	Talbot, C. E. M.
Bristowe, S. B.	Johnston, A.	Tollmache, Hn. F.
Brown, A. H.	K-Shuttleworth, U.	Vivian, A. F.
Bruce, Rt. Hon. Ld. E. Lawson, Sir W.	Wedderburn, Sir D.	Williams, W.
Bruce, Rt. Hon. H. A. Leeman, G.	Williams, W.	Williamson, Sir H.
Buckley, N.	Lyttelton, Hn. C. G.	Winterbotham, H. S.
Campbell, H.	Macfie, R. A.	Young, A. W.
Candlish, J.	McArthur, W.	
Carter, R. M.	McClure, T.	
Cavendish, Lord F.	McLagan, P.	
Chadwick, D.	Maguire, J. F.	

Mr. Leith was elected member for Aberdeen by a very large majority. He polled 4,392 votes to 2,615 given for Mr. Barclay, the other Liberal candidate, and 704 for Mr. Shaw, the Conservative.



## Literature.

## "THE GREAT LONE LAND."

Captain Huyshe, as some of our readers may perhaps remember, from a short notice we gave of his book some time ago, told us all about what led to the Red River Expedition and its results. How a certain colony of half-breeds disputed the right of the Governor of Canada and the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company arbitrarily to transfer territorial rights and governing powers without consulting those most concerned; how, headed by one M. Louis Riel, they broke out into open insurrection, and expelled Mr. MacDougall, the governor; and how a little force had to be sent to quell them, which was only done after some trouble. Captain, then Lieutenant, Butler, before the word of the outbreak came, had found himself in the trying position of the "subaltern first for purchase," and, unfortunately, unable to command the money to get the much-coveted commission, however well deserved. So, like several others, the famous Colonel Alexander Dunn among the rest, he turned his eye elsewhere as a means of escape from what he regarded as an invidious position. At once he offered himself by telegraph for the Winnipeg, or Red River Expedition, and started for America. When he reached, however, he found every berth filled up—every berth but one, which Lieutenant Butler himself foresaw the need for. "You will want to know what they are doing in Minnesota and along the flank of your march," and you have no one to tell you," said Lieutenant Butler to the general, who was shaking his head over the new arrival. There was such a want, the general fairly acknowledged, and Mr. Butler was appointed. So he set out on his expedition, traversing a rough route, and duly reaching Fort Garry, after many adventures, and successfully fulfilling his mission to Mr. Riel.

But this portion of the volume is after all merely introductory. The real interest of the work lies in Captain Butler's story of his mission to the Far West to inquire into the condition of the Indian tribes, who were being decimated by smallpox. This led him into what is properly the Great Lone Land, a region into which no white men save some adventurous fur-traders and a few missionaries have as yet sought footing. Right on from Winnipeg, through the regions of Cree Indians, Blood Indians, Blackfoot Indians, Mr. Butler pushed his way, now by horse, now by canoe, now by sledge, up to the Saskatchewan River at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

"Here the darkest mink, the silkiest mole, the blackest otter are trapped and traded; here are bred those rich furs whose possession women prize as second only to precious stones. Into the extreme north of this region only the fur-trader and the missionary have as yet penetrated. . . . This place, the 'forks' of the Saskatchewan, is destined at some time or other to become an important centre of commerce and civilisation. When men shall have cast down the barriers which now intervene between the shores of Lake Winnipeg and Lake Superior, what a highway will not these two great river systems of the St. Lawrence and the Saskatchewan offer to the traders!"

Captain Butler writes with rare spirit. He seems to have thoroughly relished the risks, the exposures, and the trials of his expedition; and in spite of much that might have led to his forming a dislike for the Indians, he has to acknowledge a sneaking kindness for them—especially for the Blackfeet—and expresses his regret that they are being so wasted. The various tribes are vexed by perpetual blood feuds, which are kept up without intermission; they suffer sadly from the destruction of the wild herds owing to the poisons used by the half-breeds, and they threaten to avenge such injuries; they are killed off in hundreds by the fire-water which they receive from the white men in barter for their furs, and which has terrible effect upon them; and lastly they fall in crowds under the smallpox, which is sometimes communicated from tribe to tribe in the strangest way. One very striking instance Mr. Butler gives. A few men of a certain tribe had gone on a warlike expedition against their enemies, and coming on a camp, found it contained only several dead bodies in a state of decomposition. Nothing, however, would content the party but to mutilate the bodies and take the scalps; which they did; and the result was that the disease, thus communicated, carried off large numbers of their own brethren.

Even the terror of disease will not keep them from their warlike forays. Captain Butler writes:—

"Incredible as it may appear, they continued this

\* *The Great Lone Land: a Narrative of Travel and Adventure in the North-West of America.* By Captain W. F. BUTLER, F.R.G.S. With illustrations and route map. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)

practice at a time when they were being swept away by the smallpox; their bodies were found in one instance dead upon the bank of the river they had crossed by swimming when the fever of the disease was at its height. Those who live their lives quietly at home, who sleep in beds, and lie up when sickness comes upon them, know but little of what the human frame is capable of enduring if put to the test. With us, to be ill is to lie down; not so with the Indian; he is never ill with the casual illnesses of our civilisation. When he lies down it is to sleep for a few hours, or for ever. These Sercies had literally kept the war trail till they died."

The passion for war and bloodshed is in their veins, and will be their doom:—

"War," says Captain Butler, "is the sole toil and thought of the Red Man's life. He has three great causes of fight: to steal a horse, take a scalp, or get a wife. I regret to have to write that the possession of a horse is valued before that of a wife—and this has been the case for many years."

Captain Butler's narrative is interspersed with graphic description, telling anecdotes, and apt reflections. He writes in a clear, forcible, style, and never loiters on the road. This is a picture of the mode of barter carried on between white men and Indians in the Far West:—

"When the Blackfeet arrive on a trading visit to the Mountain House, they usually come in large numbers, prepared for a brush with either Crees or Stonies. The camp is formed at some distance from the fort, and the braves, having piled their robes, leather, and provisions on the backs of their wives or their horses, approach in long cavalcade. The officer goes out to meet them, and the gates are closed. Many speeches are made, and the chief, to show his 'big heart,' usually piles on top of a horse a heterogeneous mass of buffalo robes, pemmican, and dried meat, and hands horse and all he carries over to the trader. After such a present no man can possibly entertain for a moment a doubt upon the subject of the big-heartedness of the donor; but if, in the trade which comes after this present has been made, it should happen that fifty horses are bought by the Company, not one of all the band will cost so dear as that which demonstrates the large heartedness of the braves. The fire-canoes have forced their way along the muddy waters, and behind them a long chain of armed posts have arisen to hold in check the wild roving races of Dakota and Montana. It is a useless struggle that these Indians wage against their latest and most deadly enemy, but nevertheless, it is one in which the sympathy of any brave heart must be on the side of the savage. Here at the head-waters of the great River Missouri, which finds its outlet into the Gulf of Mexico—here, pent up against the barriers of the 'Mountains of the Setting Sun,' the Blackfeet offer a last despairing resistance to the ever-increasing tide that hems them in."

Captain Butler's ready sympathies everywhere appear, and he always expresses them strikingly. His word for the File of our army is worth extracting in illustration:—

"Who are the Rank and File? They are the poor wild birds whose country has cast them off, and who repay her by offering their lives for her glory; the men who take the shilling, who drink, who drill, who march to music, who fill the graveyards of Asia; the men who stand sentry at the gates of world-famous fortresses, who are old when their elder brothers are still young, who are bronzed and burned by fierce suns, who sail over seas packed in great masses, who watch at night over lonely magazines, who shout, 'Who comes there?' through the darkness, who dig in trenches, who are blown to pieces in mines, who are torn by shot and shell, who have carried the flag of England into every land, who have made her name famous through the nations; who are the nation's pride in her hour of peril, and her plaything in her hours of prosperity—these are the rank and file. We are a curious nation—until lately we bought our rank as we buy our mutton, in a market; and we found officers and gentlemen where other nations would have found thieves and swindlers. Until lately we flogged our files with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and found heroes by treating men like dogs."

Captain Butler's book we have read with unusual pleasure, and are sure others will do the same. He is a capital specimen of the English officer—brave, adventurous, regardless of risk, while ready-minded and cautious; and yet he has a tender side, easily touched, and a quick eye for manliness and bravery wherever these exist.

## RECENT ISSUES OF MESSRS. CLARK.

We owe so much to Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh for placing many both of the best German commentaries and of the works of the greater Latin and Greek fathers within reach of the English reader that, while thankfully accepting the gifts they offer us, we feel bound to offer them in return any hints we can which may tend to make their "libraries" even more popular than they are. We beg, then, to submit to them whether their "law of selection" is quite the best one, and tends in every case to "the survival of the fittest." On this side the border, at least in our own circle, we often hear such questions as these: "Don't you think 'the works chosen for the Foreign Library are selected, somewhat too often, to meet the Scotch taste for theology, or its preference for a high and dry style of exposition? Is Hengstenberg, for instance, worthy of the steadfast loyalty shown him? Would it not be well if, having given us so many of the Keil and Delitzsch series, the series were completed? Should we

not by this time have had good commentaries on Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Ezra, and Nehemiah"—and what better ones could we have had than those of Keil and Delitzsch? When will the Meyer series come out on the Gospels, or, better still, on the whole New Testament? And in the patristic libraries, recently commenced or announced, do we not seem likely to have too many volumes on extinct controversies, and too few on subjects of perennial vitality and interest? Nothing could be better as a commencement of the Augustine series, for example, than the noble work, "itself solid and stately as a city, on the 'City of God'; but is there not some danger of its being followed by a forbidding series of polemics of which no sane mortal cares to hear more than may be gathered from the pages of ecclesiastical history? And in the promised selection from the writings of St. Chrysostom, why have we only a cautious hope that some of his practical writings may be included? Are we not to have the incomparable homilies which set the whole life of Antioch vividly before us?" These are some of the questions we have heard mooted of late, not altogether without sympathy, and we repeat them for the edification of the publishers.

Of their recent issues in the "Foreign Library," those most to our taste are Keil on Kings and Daniel, and Delitzsch on the Hebrews, against which none of the objections to which we have adverted will lie. Indeed, we are so gratified to see the Keil and Delitzsch series advancing toward completion, that we hardly care to note, what perhaps ought to have been notified in the advertisement, that in the first-named work we have simply a new and much improved edition of a commentary contained in Messrs. Clark's issues for A.D. 1857. Keil, however, has so greatly improved on his earlier essay, that we give a hearty welcome to this new and bettered version of it. His solid learning and composed good sense eminently fit him for expounding Daniel, the most apocalyptic of the prophets. He conceives of the mission of Daniel as twofold: he was ordained to proclaim to the rulers of this world the omnipotence and infallible wisdom of the God of Israel, and the vanity of the gods whom they served; but he was also ordained to show the chosen race how the kingdoms of this world would pass and rise into the kingdom of our God and of His Christ: how all sin would be blotted out, an everlasting righteousness be brought in; and how, in the end, the troubled history of man would reach a "final goal of good"—would round to a golden age of concord and peace, in which the tabernacle of God would be established among men. This conception is admirably wrought out. We know of no other commentary so sensible, accurate, and erudite on a prophecy which seems to have the strange property of turning the heads and adding the brains of most who approach it.

Of all the expositors whom Messrs. Clark have introduced to the English reading public none has so fine a spiritual tact as Delitzsch. And though we do not rank his commentary on the Hebrews so high as some of his works, it is nevertheless unrivalled by any other in our language. It is a choice and capital addition to the "Library."

We can hardly say so much for the two next volumes on our list.† Despite his great learning, Hengstenberg is no favourite with us. In his works, as he was in life, he is too much the presbyter and the theologian, too little the man. Nevertheless, we are bound to acknowledge that in the "History of the Kingdom of God," as in the "Christology," he is at his best. The subject suits him. And in this first volume, which covers the period from Abraham to Joshua, his large acquaintance with "the learning of the Egyptians" serves him admirably. There is more life and succulence in the book too than is at all customary with him, a more humane and generous tone. He recognises the good there was in the Egyptian Pharaoh, in Abimelech the Philistine, in the Canaanite Melchizedek—in Laban, Jethro, and other heathen of ancient time, honestly, if somewhat grudgingly. The old "leaven"

\* *The Books of the Kings.* By C. F. KEIL. Translated by Rev. JAMES MARTIN, B.A. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

*The Book of the Prophet Daniel.* By C. F. KEIL. Translated by the Rev. M. G. EASTON, A.M. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

*Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews.* By F. DELITZSCH, D.D. Translated by T. L. KINGSBERRY, M.A. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

† *History of the Kingdom of God, under the Old Testament.* Translated from the German of E. W. HENGSTENBERG Vol. I. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)

*Biblical Theology of the New Testament.* By CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHMID, D.D. Translated by G. H. VENABLE. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)



comes out when he speaks of the author of the Book of Genesis "writing as a theologian, not as a moralist"—a ludicrously thin and inappropriate description of "the man of God"; but, on the whole, we account this the best of Hangstenberg's books.

If we have any objection to Schmid's "Theology of the New Testament," it certainly does not arise from any special deficiency in the book itself. On the contrary, it is a simple, concise, and yet comprehensive theological manual, of a stainless orthodoxy, and compiled with marked ability. But to see the living words of Christ and His Apostles compressed into dogmatic forms, so much of the life and beauty inevitably being crushed out of them in the process, is at best a somewhat dismal spectacle. And, moreover, we doubt whether even the studious and learned Germans have so mastered the Scriptures, and so digested the new thoughts which modern science has discovered in them, as to be able to gather up their whole teaching in systematic forms.

The new issues in what we may call the Patristic Library, are of somewhat doubtful value, except to ecclesiastical students or historians, who would not care to study them in translations. Those who would have preferred the more practical or expository writings of the great Bishop of Hippo, must of course bear in mind that even his controversial works are full of fine expository hints, and continually rise from the polemical into the spiritual region of thought. At the same time, we frankly admit that St. Augustine "on the war path" is not a pleasant sight. He is keen, logical, often unanswerable; but he is both arrogant and fiercely intolerant. It cannot but distress a generous mind to find more of the Red Indian than of the Christian in so great a man and so great a saint; and to hear him "breathing out threatenings and slaughters" against those who ventured to hold contrary opinions to himself. In dealing with Donatus and Pelagius, Augustine affirmed the right of the State to coerce, and even to cut off, those who fell away from the orthodox creed of the day; a principle of which the Inquisition itself was simply a logical development. In controversy his zeal for God was too often a zeal without mercy, if not without knowledge. And perhaps it would be well if the evil men write, as well as that they do, were "interred with their bones," and not reproduced age after age. We doubt whether, could he give his voice, St. Augustine would thank his editors and translators for keeping before the world works of which probably he is now very much ashamed.

In order to complete our list we may mention two other volumes which Messrs. Clark have recently issued: the one, "Cramer's Biblico-Theological Lexicon of New Testament Greek," a valuable work which fills a gap on the shelf of the Biblical student; and the other, a volume of somewhat dull and formal sermons, by the late Principal Cunningham, with a very remarkable preface from the pen of the Rev. J. J. Bonar. But to both these we hope to return, and speak of them more at large.

As we have called in question the claim of some of the volumes included in the "libraries" of Messrs. Clark to that place of honour and distinction, we must guard ourselves against misconception by emphatically repeating our conviction that, on the whole, these "libraries" are by far the most valuable contribution of recent years to the Biblical literature of England. They have no peer, nor even any rival.

#### BRIEF NOTICES.

*Free Churches. A Tract for my own Congregation.* By the Rev. H. A. DOBNEY. (London: Strahan and Co.) We commend this little volume to all who are interested in true Catholicity. Its distinguishing feature is candour; Mr. Dobney has no "scheme" for a fuller federation of the Nonconforming churches or for organising them into one, he is like one who is feeling in all directions after the Christian principles of belief and practice in which all Christians may agree. He is sure that if these can but be fairly apprehended and rightly set forth, denominationalism will feel its own littleness in their presence, and will disappear. We wish the chapter on "Baptism" could be mastered, not only in its application to the special point in controversy of which it treats, but in its great principles, by all Church leaders. It is, in fact, nothing but an expansion of the Pauline maxim—"In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love." There are wisdom and sympathy—in short, there is a profound and true Christian spirit running through this chapter; but it almost pains us to find no novelty in it. This is painful,

that while so many thoughtful Christians are perfectly familiar with Mr. Dobney's suggestions, and have been wont not only to acknowledge their value, but even raise popular applause by their proclamation, so little has been done to work them out. The recent conference, chiefly between Congregationalists and Baptists, on the subject of carrying on home mission work with mutual understanding, showed how far many churches and pastors are from readiness for Christian union. We believe that union between the denominations will never come about till there is a wide-spread feeling of hearty and ungrudging delight in one another's prosperity. Zeal for the honour of a denomination may seem a very harmless, even a worthy, feeling; but it has much to answer for in the way of perpetuating divisions. In another matter Mr. Dobney's tract is valuable: it contains a discussion of the much-controverted question whether there should be churches within our congregations. He recognises, on the one hand, the narrow, intolerant, unsympathetic spirit in many churches which makes the best men remain outside them; and yet, plainly, he cannot consent to resign that fellowship which is founded on confessed and recognised discipleship of Christ. In reference to this, and many another question agitating the whole Church of Christ, we think the following quotation full of weight and wisdom:—"As the 'immediate duty of the hour everywhere, and until a better may be made, clear to eye and heart, seek to fulfil existing forms (that must not be too rudely broken, nor too prematurely) with larger, deeper, richer life; till the fuller life itself shatters the forms that, by not suiting it, hamper and distress it, and suggests its own more natural and therefore more proper forms. To assault mere forms, however questionable, is but to act the rough and very easy part of the iconoclast, and will not necessarily give us anything better instead. The time to pull down, unless there be danger, is surely not until the builder is ready. Then we may rejoice in the word of Micah the prophet, the Breaker through comes up before them . . . and their King shall pass before them, the Lord at their head. If the tabernacle be old and worn and ready to fall in pieces, let a David prepare all the material for the temple that a Solomon shall build. But ever is it true that—Life alone is the conqueror of Death. And the soul of Life is—Love."

*Goethe and Mendelssohn, 1821-1831.* Translated with Additions from the German of Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. By M. E. VON GLEHN. With Portraits and Facsimile. (Macmillan and Co.) This is a very interesting volume—interesting more, however, as supplying materials for a study of rare mental development than for facts and incidents, of which it has, on the whole, but slight store. We see Goethe bringing his quiet but irresistible influence to bear on the boy-musician, and calling forth towards himself a very strong and deep-rooted affection which had not a little to do with Mendelssohn's after-determinations as an artist. Some of the youth's letters to Goethe from Berlin and Munich are very discriminating; and now and then we have, along with a remarkable simplicity of manner, a surprising penetration and broad grasp of principles. This, indeed, is the characteristic note of these letters, and gives to them a singular attraction. Now and then, too, we get biographic glimpses of other worthies, which are in their own way delightful. The letters of later date have a special interest and value to us, owing to their giving us a picture of our own Queen and Prince Albert in the early days of their marriage—telling how the Prince played and the Queen sang, with such exquisite taste and skill, that Mendelssohn could write thus to his "dear little mother"—

"She sang the 'Pilgerspruch,' 'Lass dich nur,' really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression. I thought to myself, one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times; upon which she said, 'On, if only I had not been so frightened; generally I have sigh long breath.' Then I praised her heartily and with the best conscience in the world; for just that part with the long C at the close she had done so well, taking it and the two notes next to it all in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done, and therefore it amused me doubly that she herself should have begun about it. After this Prince Albert sang the Aermtelettel, 'Es ist ein Schnitter!' and then he said I must play him something before I went. . . . Just as if I were to keep nothing but the pleasantest, most charming recollections of this visit, I never improved better; I was in the best mood for it, and played a long time, and enjoyed it myself so that besides the two themes, I brought in the song that the Queen had sung, naturally enough; and it all went off so easily, that I would gladly not have stopped, and they followed me with so much intelligence and attention, that I felt more at ease than I ever did in improvising to an audience."

*Eight Months on Duty: Diary of a Young Officer in Chanzy's Army,* from the French of ROGER DE M— (Strahan and Co.), gives a very good idea at once of the vices and of the sufferings of the French soldiers during the severest period of the recent war time. The young officer writes well, hits graphic points, and what is most remarkable about him is, that he can speak the truth about France, about her condition, and the causes that brought on the war. In this respect, no doubt, it will be a surprise to many, and is right well worth reading. Dr. Vaughan's preface is very suitable and suggestive, striking with rare skill the proper keynote. And he writes truly:—"The boy soldier, through whose

"eyes we view the scenes of the disastrous campaign, is a lover of Nature in her clouds and landscapes, her rivers, rocks and skies, and finds time to record in these hurried notes, written on scraps of paper in the palm of the hand, amidst cold and hunger and sleeplessness, how 'the effect of this wild and rural valley is somewhat spoiled by large new mills built at intervals along it'; how the buzzards soar in wide circles over this chasm; how 'this road is overhung by beautiful rocks of a warm tint, intermixed with brambles, and glowing golden in the rays of the sun,' and yet checks himself to say, what else we should have forgotten, how 'fatigue, and the prosaic business of finding quarters, render us almost insensible to such beauties, and make it our one thought, when we see a cottage, how many soldiers can be crowded into it.' Along with poetic feeling there is always genial sympathy on the young officer's part."

*The Purpose of God in Creation and Redemption: and the Successive Steps for Manifesting the same in and by the Church.* Fourth Edition. (London and Edinburgh: T. Laurie.) By a label attached to this book we are informed that, although this is the fourth edition of it, it has never before been sent to the press for review. Considering the aim and intent of the book, this reticence is scarcely justifiable, for we have to deal with no less a phenomenon than the Catholic Apostolic Church—a system better known as Irvingism, and its claim to being the type and model of the true restoration of the Church universal to the Divine idea. Why keep the declaration of such claims restricted to the select few who believe in them? Are the publishers doubtful as to the value of them, or faithless as to the reception they are likely to have? If the latter supposition be right, we think they have good reason for their doubts. For ourselves, we have read the book very carefully, and some parts of it over and over again. We could do no less, for the evident earnestness of the writer compels attention and respect. One or two of his chapters we like much, and we deeply sympathise with him in the views he propounds as to the successive corruptions of the Church. But when he professes to claim for Irvingism the high mission of a complete restoration of the Church to its normal condition, and when he expounds the Apocalypse, we cannot understand him. In fact, we never could understand men of his order. It may be a serious defect in us; at any rate, we are conscious of some patience and some devoutness, too, whilst we are waiting for other disclosures of the Divine purposes, and other readings of the mystery of Providence, than those with which we have been favoured hitherto.

*A Scripture Manual, Designed to Facilitate the Finding of Proof Texts.* By CHARLES SIMMONS. With an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. GARDINER SPRING. (Hodder and Stoughton.) A book like this, which is mainly a compilation of passages of Scripture, must depend for its usefulness and success partly on the purpose it is intended to serve, and the skill with which that purpose is accomplished. The purpose is stated in the title of the book, only somewhat incorrectly, for the proof texts are found for the reader, who will have little else to do but use what is provided for him. The arrangement of the work is, we think, about the best that could be. It is primarily alphabetical, but under each head, the different aspects of the truth illustrated are carefully arranged, so as to give the whole of the Bible teaching on each subject at one view. Dr. Spring, in his short preface, is right when he says, "The work is truly an epitome of the Bible, presenting its great truths in that order in which they will be most easily found by the readers." We know of nothing superior to this, except it be the epitome of revealed truth appended to Bagster's "Comprehensive Bible." That, however, simply indicates texts, this gives the passages, for the most part in full. To village preachers and Sunday-school teachers the work will prove a valuable help.

*Outlines of Sermons. Taken Chiefly from the Published Works of Unitarian Writers.* (John Russell Smith.) "E. S.," the compiler of this book, is, to our knowledge a zealous Unitarian, and a choice scholar; but we are very much at a loss to know why he has published this book. Outlines of sermons are mostly dry and unsatisfactory things, except to the select few "whom it may concern." To the general reader they mostly prove a weariness, unless, indeed, they possess some very marked characteristics. Those before us are uniformly respectable, but no more. They need the filling up which their author's gave them. Half the number of full sermons would have been more acceptable than these outlines. The book seems intended as an exhibition of Unitarian faith and doctrine, and every now and then there are some indiscriminate onslaughts upon the Trinitarian faith, and specially on Calvinism: the *l'été noir* of most of the writers. Moreover, the spiritual work of the volume is very small: few will read it "to edification." We much regret we can say so little in approval, but we comfort ourselves with the fact that even from the authors whose works have furnished the material for this book, a very far better one might have been compiled.

*Man's Immortality Proved; with Confutations of Modern Theories of Annihilation.* By the Rev. GEORGE PHILL. (Elliot Stock.) This volume is, for the most part, devoted to what the author calls *Confutations*

\* *Writings in Connection with the Donatist Controversy.* Translated by the Rev. J. R. KING, M.A. *The Anti-Pelagian Works of St. Augustine.* Translated by PETER HOLMES, D.D. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.)



of theories of annihilation. There is less confusion, however, than of counter assertion. The subject of the book is a solemn and painful one. We can scarcely imagine that anyone could find pleasure in reading it, although we feel the writer has been throughout very conscientious in writing it. We have no intention of discussing it, but would simply say that the view the author holds is the old one by which the doctrine of eternal punishment is vindicated on the supposition of the necessity of an everlasting sinful condition.

We are pleased to see another and cheaper edition of Dr. Rogers's "Century of Scottish Life," with illustrations of Caledonian humour (Charles Griffin and Co.). It contains a great deal of curious information about distinguished Scotchmen, bristled with anecdote and funny stories; and in one word is quite the sort of book to lie on a table to be taken up in spare moments and laid down again, when it is certain to give rise to laughter, while not proving void of food for reflection. Dr. Rogers, with characteristic modesty, acknowledges that "my sketches are short, for I have not attempted biographies. Throughout the work I have endeavoured to be succinct, preferring to illustrate my subject with anecdotes rather than with reflections of my own."

Mr. Murby has done no slight service by his school books, and this *Manual of Physical Geography*, by SYDNEY B. J. SKETCHLY, is entitled to take high rank in the series. It has been done with great care—the information is well condensed, the plan is simple, and the style is wonderfully clear and good, and suitable for the purpose.

#### MISSIONARY PAPERS.

##### No. VI.

*London Missionary Society.*—A mournful interest attaches to this month's *Chronicle* of this Society, owing to the record of the death of the distinguished and venerable missionary, the Rev. W. Ellis; may we not also add—and to the singularly touching coincidence of the death of his scarcely less distinguished wife? Our readers have recently been made familiar with the leading incidents of this devoted missionary's life, and we shall now content ourselves with a very brief abstract of the article of Dr. Mullens. Mr. Ellis was born at Wisbeach in 1795, so that he passed away at seventy-seven years of age. When very young, under the influence of a sermon preached by the Rev. John Clayton, sen., he gave his heart to Christ, and soon afterwards offered his services to the London Missionary Society. After studying with Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, he went to Tahiti at the age of twenty-one. He took with him the first mission press employed in the mission, and was able to put it to use almost immediately. In 1822, Mr. Ellis went to the Sandwich Islands, where he found the idols abolished, and a whole people waiting for instruction. He assisted in the formation of the language, and wrote the first hymns. He was privileged to baptize the first convert of the mission, the Queen Mother, and shortly afterwards preached her funeral sermon. In 1824, the health of Mrs. Ellis entirely gave way, and a return to England became necessary. For the first six years after his return, he was the agent of the society among the county auxiliaries, and during that period he published his "Polynesian Researches." In 1832 he became foreign secretary of the mission, but the work was too much for his strength, and he resigned the office in 1841. He settled with his second wife, the amiable and accomplished author of the "Women of England," &c., at Hoddesdon, living the life of a country pastor, and helping forward the work of the mission in various ways:—

In 1853 he was called to pay a visit to Madagascar, to see what could be done for the help of its persecuted people. He twice landed at Tamatave, and at length spent a month at the capital. But whatever aid and encouragement he then gave them by his loving sympathy, his words of counsel, and his assurances of the prayerful regard felt for them by all their brethren in England, these were far exceeded by the wise and sagacious help he rendered them by his later visit in 1862. This was the crowning work of his life. He landed in Madagascar soon after the Queen's death, and when the scattered converts had first begun, under encouragement from the King, to gather once more in open day. He remained a little over three years among them: he reorganised the mission; saw the native church and its agencies resettled on a healthy system; saw the schools reopened and the press at work; he greatly aided the younger brethren in their first years of labour, and especially counselled and led in right ways the many able nobles and officers of Government who were anxious for healthy reforms. This wise and valuable help was continued to the mission, the churches, and the Government, after his return to England at the close of 1865. He became a director of the society, was a most regular attendant at board and committee meetings, and maintained a lengthy and frequent correspondence with his many Malagasy friends down to the last; while his addresses at public meetings and his fervent appeals stirred the hearts of the friends of the mission at home, and materially contributed to those enlargements of its agencies in the island which have been secured in recent years.

Concerning the South Seas mission, we learn

that the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, the senior missionary in Mangaia, after twenty years of uninterrupted labour, is about to proceed to England on furlough. The Rev. James Chalmers, of the neighbouring island of Rarotonga, has recently paid him a visit of seven weeks' duration. His report is full of encouragement, and bears willing testimony to the usefulness and efficiency of the native helpers; a matter of great importance just now, when so much uncertainty exists in some quarters on that subject. Mr. Chalmers presided at a Sunday-morning service, when, in spite of prevalent sickness, not fewer than 800 persons were present. From early morning until five in the afternoon, the natives, with short intervals, are at services of some kind or another:—

At five a.m. they meet for prayer. The service is conducted by a deacon, or other intelligent church-member. At eight they meet for school—the children in the school, and the grown-up people in the church. In the latter several natives address those assembled—strengthening and exhorting them to make Christ their all, or enforcing the remarks of the morning service. At nine the children with their teachers come into the church, and the missionary begins the forenoon service. The people at the conclusion of the forenoon service, return to their homes, sing a hymn, go over the heads of discourse and engage in prayer. At one p.m. they meet in classes, when the sermon is commented upon. At two they have school and meeting in church, as in forenoon, and at three the missionary begins the afternoon service, at the close of which the natives do as at the close of the forenoon one—sing, go over heads of discourse, and engage in prayer.

I attended all the schools and services, until within a few weeks of our leaving for Rarotonga. We spent a week at Iivrua, and another at Tamarua.

The native pastor at Iivrua is an Atiuan, and his wife a Rarotongan. They have both done good service for twenty-seven years. The people are very much attached to them. They accompanied us to Rarotonga to try the change for health. The school and church at Iivrua are neat, comfortable, and strongly built, and reflect great credit on the natives. The settlement is the best on the island, and about one mile in length.

At Tamarua the native pastor is a young man. He and his wife spent some time on Lifu, and were compelled to leave by the French. We were very much pleased with them both. They are good earnest workers, seeking anxiously to lead the people to Christ. God grant that Koreiti's earnest desire may be granted him, and that those for whom he now wrestles in prayer may be led to love Christ! This settlement is not so well laid out as Iivrua, but the mission-house and church are much prettier. Both here and at Iivrua we received large presents of food, &c. All the services and schools are well attended.

During the last few weeks, eight missionaries, with wives and children in some cases, have returned to this country for rest, well-earned, certainly. The Rev. T. J. Beveridge, with Mrs. Beveridge and children; the Rev. R. Baron and Mrs. Baron, and Mr. J. C. Thorne, have all started for Madagascar. The death of a very useful Christian lady, Mrs. Gookey, of Vizagapatam, is announced. She left England only so recently as 1866, but her labours and influence were beneficent in a high degree during that short time of service. Besides a Bible-class for East Indian young women, she had the superintendence of a caste girls' day-school of fifty pupils, which has all along been very successful.

The *United Presbyterian Missionary Record* contains several facts of special interest. The mission staff in Caffraria has just been strengthened by the accession of Major Malan, respecting whom the Rev. John Solater says:—

In a note sent with the report for last year, I mentioned that Major Malan, one of the speakers at the opening of the new church at the Mbulu, was in correspondence with me about joining Paterson mission as a worker for Christ. I have now to inform you that he has decided to take this step, and has sent in his papers to the colonel of his regiment (75th), with the view of resigning his commission. He is to come to the Mbulu, on crossing the Kei, and to act as an evangelist without pay. This he can do, being a gentleman of means. He is in the prime of life. He will be a most valuable accession to our band.

The ways of God are very wonderful, and in this matter we cannot fail to see His wonder-working hand. Major Malan is indeed an eminent Christian—a worthy compeer of such men as General Havelock and Hedley Vicars. The decision has not been taken without counting the cost. So much was he delighted with what he saw and heard amongst us, that his month in the Transkei, he says, was the happiest ever spent in his life. He also felt (I am repeating his own statements) that I was one with whom he could associate in closest fellowship; and he has more sympathy with our Church than any other, so far as it is known to him. A faithful student of the Bible, he has searched the Scriptures diligently, and, as the result, is thoroughly orthodox; and the truths of the Gospel he enunciates with a clearness and force worthy of all praise. He is the grandson of the well-known Dr. Caesar Malan, of Geneva.

*Baptist Missionary Society.*—It is now many years since Jamaica ceased to be a mission field in connection with this society, yet the committee have always been ready to come to the help of their brethren in that island, whenever special claims or unforeseen emergencies seemed to call for it. Thus, too, the salaries of several of the older ministers—those who went out first as missionaries—are subsidised every year by liberal grants. Recently, also, it was made known to the committee that there was a considerable tract of country in the island in need of evangelisation. The hold the Baptists have upon the natives, not only impressed

them with the duty of undertaking this work, but even led other denominations to urge them to do so. Accordingly a special fund was raised in this country with the view of enabling four missionaries to go out. The plan is to support them for four years whilst engaged in the preparatory work of getting congregations together, leaving them afterwards to the voluntary support of such congregations. At present the fund has sufficed only for the sending out of two of these missionaries, Messrs. Rees and Williams, both of them students from the Welsh Colleges. The former has begun his work in the Wallingford and the latter in the Mandeville districts. In the Wallingford district, within a few months, the chapel has become too small to accommodate the people that attend the ministry. Seventy persons have joined the inquirers' class, many backsliders have been restored, and the Sunday-school has increased from 30 to 200. The missionary reports that he has begun a station in the town of Santa Cruz, sixteen miles from Wallingford. He reports the parish as being very destitute of places of worship. "The present accommodation," he says, "is for 13,000, while the population is 40,000. We have no chapel, nor a single member at Santa Cruz Town, but I have had the loan of the police-station, and intend to preach there every other Sunday." In the Mandeville district an equally interesting work is going on, and this new undertaking is at present surrounded with the most hopeful signs of prosperity.

This Society's new mission in Rome is attended with much encouragement. Mr. Wall, the missionary, says that during the last four months about 200 persons had left their names as applicants for membership. He had had a Bible-class attended by a weekly average of eighty persons. He says, "The Sunday-school was promising. A Young Men's Christian Bible Association, composed of fifty members, is in vigorous operation. Numbers of persons visit my house daily for tracts, testaments, or religious conversation; more than twenty have been baptized within the last few days." We regret to find that the building in which all this work has been carried on has been abandoned, owing to its insecurity. Mr. Wall hopes soon to find another fitting locality for his ministrations. One part of his latest report is very interesting. He says:—

The Bible is being increasingly read, and the hatred of the priests against it is becoming fanatical. It is no uncommon thing to see a person in the streets of Rome reading the New Testament, and priests have repeatedly tried to put an end to it by snatching the book from the hands of the poor or the young, and, in more than one instance, tearing the copy to pieces. This, however, is a dangerous experiment, and sometimes has resulted in the priest being knocked down, or arrested and taken to prison. Not only do persons who are able to read carry the Scriptures with them, but even some who cannot. These ask others to read to them. Thus there are many signs of interest awakened and good being wrought in the Roman population.

From India we learn that the dengue fever has invaded the missionary ranks. Dr. Wenger, the Rev. A. Williams, and many others, are suffering from it. Happily it has not been in any of these cases attended with loss of life. The Rev. J. G. Gregson, who recently left England to return to India, reports from Agra that the congregations in the cantonments are very large, and that there is a prevalent wish to increase the accommodation by the enlargement of the chapel. The native church has chosen five deacons by whom its affairs will be conducted. They will, however, report to the missionary from time to time. Mr. Williams has been obliged for a time to leave Nentora through the threatening conduct of the Chowbies or local Brahmans, who consider his victory over them in a suit respecting the mission premises as a triumph of Christ over Krishna.

The small but interesting field in Brittany is just now suffering through the serious illness of the Rev. J. Jenkins, who for many years has directed the work there. Recently, St. Brienc, one of the stations of this mission, has been unusually excited by the annual processions. The missionary's wife finds access to many women, to whom she imparts Christian knowledge.

Sir Donald M'Leod, who took the chair at the annual meeting at Exeter Hall, and had not the opportunity of saying all he wished to say, writes to Dr. Underhill in the following courteous way. The testimony he gives to the work in Delhi is specially valuable:—

I cannot but regret that through my inability to make myself heard in a large hall—the ill effects of which I have now experienced on three successive occasions—the service I could have wished to render to the cause has been greatly impaired. I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to state, that had I not been constrained to stop short, owing to the impatience evinced by the audience from the above cause, it had been my full intention to advert to the work carried on by Mr. Smith at Delhi. That being the only Baptist mission within the limits of the Punjab administration, it was in a special manner appropriate that I should do so; as the originality of his views and his great success in carrying them out have been for many years regarded by me with admiration. As I entirely concur in those views, and have myself, from time to time, profited by his ministry, it would have been to me a most congenial task to bear testimony to his worth, and the value of his labours in God's vineyard.

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